This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learnes them first to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she.

Romeo. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkst of nothing.

Merc. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantasie:
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more inconstant then the wind, who wooes
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:
And being angerd puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talke of, blowes vs from our selues,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Ro. I feare too early, for my mind misgiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a despised life closde in my brest:
By some vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my sute; on lustie Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Where's Potpan that he helpes not to take away?
He shift a trencher, he scrape a trencher?

1. When good manners shall lie all in one or two mens hands, and they vnwasht too, 'tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the ioynstooles, remoue the Courtcubbert, looke to the plate, good thou, saue mee a peece of Marchpane, and as thou loues mee, let the porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.

2. Iboy

2. Iboy readie.

Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and sought for in the great Chamber.

3. We cannot be here and there too, cheerely boyes,
Be brisk a while, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my Mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance, she that makes dainty,
She le sweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I haue seene the day
That I haue worne a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
You are welcome gentlemen, come Musitians play:

Musicke playes, and they dance.

A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it girles,
More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp:
And quench the fier, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are past our dauncing daies:
How long ist now since last your selfe and I
Were in a maske?

2. *Capu.* Berlady thirty yeares.

1. *Capu.* What man 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,
'Tis since the nuptiall of *Lucientio*,
Come Pentycost as quickly as it will,
Some fiue and twenty yeares, and then we maskt.

2. *Capu.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his sonne is elder sir:
His sonne is thirty.

1. *Capu.* Will you tell me that?
His sonne was but a ward two yeares agoe.